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prologue

Sandkit listened to her mother tell her about the cat that saved their clan. About a cat named Nettlesprout
about a cat named Poppysnap.

Sometimes she wondered why her clan was so careful. Why they hid in the shadows, why they killed every trespasser.

She wondered why her mother went to the river, and cried. She asked her once, but she had received no answer.

The skies were getting darker, the last few patrols went out, and her mother was fast asleep.

Sandkit was wide awake, as usual. She stared at the exit of the camp, desperately wanting to explore.

The tiny kit pushed a sleeping Smokekit off of her and carefully started toward the bramble covered tunnel.

The guard was fast asleep, there really wasn't a point to guard anymore. Since the rouges from the last attack were gone.

Or so they say.

She snuck out carefully. Some thorns scratched her back, her yelps of pain muffled by her tail.

Then she was free.

Sandkit had heard stories of DoveClan, how they were more kind. It seemed like a choice.

But then, she had heard of the Uncharted Lands, where loners and kittypets were.

Maybe they would be welcoming.

Running away seemed like a good idea, after all, Sandkit didn't want to kill.

Then she realized that she was hungry.

Oh, Sandkit, you mouse brain!

Okay, DoveClan it is.

The she-kit ran, not knowing where the clan even was. She had just guessed.

Meanwhile, a cat stepped out of the shadows, a sliver colored she-cat. Sister of a cat named Wizard.

She watched as the ginger she-kit tripped, and she recognized the scent of her.

She was from the clan Pixie had sworn to kill.

Sandkit struggled to get up, since one of her paws were stuck in a hole. She was so busy trying to out, she didn't notice the shadow behind her.

Pixie grabbed the kit by the scruff and ran, back to the camp, to get all the information out of her as possible.

Sandkit yowled, screeched, and let out distressed kit noises.

But nobody came.

Pretty Important A/N (dont freak out. I'm still gonna write this .-.)

In celebration of me reaching 254 followers and 1.35k views on Amber, you will receive two things.

One-
A new chapter. (Omg such a creative gift)

Two-
A Q&A!
You can ask me, or any of the characters in the Amber!
I'll try and answer them all~
(Just ask in the comments!)

Farewell until the next chapter~!

one

// hellloooo everyone! to start this off, let's answer some questions, shall we?
ahem

Mousedapple asked:
Did you have the fic planned out from beginning to end or did you ad-lib your way through it?

Answer:
I didn't have a exact plot to it while I was writing, it was mainly improv. The things I did have planned was Smokecloud's death and the whole ending to the book

BubblingSprings asked:
Is the new character related to Ambertuft?

Answer:
Yes, actually. Sandkit is Sorrelfire's daughter and is therefore Ambertuft's niece. (Her siblings are Smokekit and Rosekit)

@Warrior_at_Heart asked:
ARE SMOKECLOUD AND POPPYSNAP TOGETHER IN STARCLAN?!

Answer:
You'll see.

And on to the chapter, try to contain your fangirling ;3

-:-

one : starclan

StarClan wasn't what Ambertuft thought it was going to be. There were strict rules in this apparent haven of safety and love. Most cats seemed happy, so maybe it was just Ambertuft missing her life. Poppysnap had wanted to become mates with Smokecloud, but the damn cat still hadn't asked him, claiming that she 'wasn't ready for

a relationship'.

The three ThornClan cats got deadly glares from some of the other cats. As if they thought the trio would lash out and murder them. Perhaps it was because there were barely any ThornClan cats here.

Ambertuft sighed, she had hoped that she would be able to meet her mother or father. Lilystar had told her that her parents landed themselves in the Dark Forest, which scared Ambertuft just a bit. Could cats get banished into the forest? Little things like these made the black cat follow the rules and not dare break even a tiny one.

Poppysnap was completely different. She was always sneaking out to who knows where and often disappearing in the middle of the day. This annoyed a bunch of cats, since now they had to do extra chores since Poppysnap was missing all the time.

Smokecloud was that quiet, adorable cat that everyone loved. He was very outgoing, since no one judged him in StarClan and overall happy. Though, Ambertuft knew he wanted to be Poppysnap's mate. He enjoyed helping other cats and he always knew where Poppysnap was going, though he never told anyone, not even his sister.

Ambertuft stared into one of the puddles near her den, and wished to watch over Sorrelfire. The puddle rippled and the cat appeared on the water, allowing Ambertuft to make sure she was okay.

Her sister was sleeping, Smokekit and Rosekit curled up beside her. Ambertuft frowned, didn't she have three kits? Where was Sandkit?

"Sandkit." Ambertuft murmured, narrowing her eyes.

The water rippled, but there was nothing there. Sandkit was out of StarClan's reach.

And that leaves the question, where is she?

// happy halloween!!

two

two : his perspective

I felt the sun warm onto my fur. I let out a small mewl as I rolled over, not opening my eyes. I bump into a giant form of a sleeping cat, had I shifted in my sleep? No, I was on top of Sandkit, wasn't I? I taste the air, but I could only smell the damp fur of my mother and the pine smell of Rosekit. Twitching my whiskers, I sense a faint salty scent- Sandkit.

I frown, swishing my tail around myself to make sure that Sandkit hadn't just disappeared. Mother didn't stir, as did Rosekit. Sighing, I get up, twitching my ear as Rosekit let out an uncomfortable grunt. The chatter of cats could be heard outside, so I assume the sun is up. There was a loud, clear voice of the deputy as he called to the cats that had gotten no food.

Speaking of which....

As if on cue, I could sense the woodsy pelt of my father. There seemed to be a mouse dangling from his jaws, as their was the sweet smell of mouse somewhere in the nursery. I blindly stumble over to him, bumping into something large- his leg, perhaps?

There's a thump onto the ground as I imagine him parting his jaws to greet me. "Smokekit!" I hear his loud, deep voice boom from somewhere above me. "I brought this mouse for you, Sorrelfire and Rosekit!" I looked up to where I thought his face was, I imagine a handsome tom with slivery fur smiling down at me. I will never know what he really looks like, as I rarely saw him before I went blind.

Ah, blindness. It's just a consequence to my bad luck, I assume. I remember the occasion quite well, as it was the last thing I saw.

Mother had left in the middle of the day, where Rosekit and I are supposed to be asleep. Being the detective I was, I trailed after her.

She had stopped at the river, where the ones lost in the Great Battle were buried. It was a single grave that she stopped by- Ambertuft's. Now, I don't know if she was remembering something bad or something else, but as I walked up to her and tapped her tail with my paw, she had lashed out at me. I remember the pain, the blurry scene of Mother wrapping her tail around me. Of Mother apologizing over and over again. The memory had stopped there, as I believe I had blacked out.

Mother couldn't bear to see me after that, and I was sent to the Healer's Den for two moons, to heal my eyes and to calm my anxiety. Of course, when one had three cuts across both open eyes and a inexperienced Healer, I would go blind.

I quickly thank Father, who left after that to train, and take the mouse. I awkwardly walk back to where Rosekit and Mother were, dropping the mouse at where I thought their paws were. Rosekit stirred and I imagine that slowly opened her eyes, which I always thought to be gold.

"Did Father catch the mouse?" She asks, her voice as melodic and velvety as normal. I nod, and take a bite. The warm blood floods into my mouth, and I flick my tail as the sweet taste fills me. Rosekit seemed to be amused, as I heard her tail swish across the mossy ground.

Then I remember Sandkit, had Rosekit not notice or had she not cared? Frowning, I look up at Rosekit.

"Sandkit is missing." I say softly, feeling the scents of fear and surprise rush through my older sister.

"W-what?" Rosekit squeaks, "How did I not notice?" Mother had still not stirred, so Rosekit and I continued our conversation. Maybe we'll find her. Maybe she's dead.

Fact of the Day: Smokekit imagines himself as a fluffy dark gray cat with white ears and paws when he is actually a gray tabby. He sees Rosekit as a pretty, delicate calico when she is a orange and black tortoiseshell and he doesn't think that Yewface has any scars.

three

three : a tortoiseshell's view

Rosekit frowned, her eyes narrowing. How had she not noticed at her younger sister was missing? She's failing her job as responsible older sibling. The tortie looked at her blind brother.

"Well, let's go find her!" Rosekit growled, "She could be scared or hurt!" Smokekit flinched at her loud tone, his scarred eyes staring right back at her brown ones.

"Mother would never let us leave." He said softly, "Besides, two kits alone in the dangerous ThornClan woods? And one being blind?"

Rosekit growled in frustration, "She's our sister! We should help her!" Smokekit shushed her quickly, worried that they'll wake Mother up.

"Kittens?" The soft, silky voice of their mother spoke, "Are you awake?"

"Yes, Mother." Both kits answered, Smokekit flicking his tail. It was then when Mother frowned, whiskers twitching and eyes searching.

"Where is Sandkit?" Sorrelfire frowned, her voice more strict, "She didn't leave, did she?"

"Sandkit is missing." Smokekit said, "Since last night."

"What?" Sorrelfire almost yowled, "She could be hurt. Or taken. Or dead!!" Rosekit flinched, Mother had never been like this before.

"We could look for her." Smokekit suggested, glancing at Rosekit.

"Damn right, we should!" Sorrelfire cursed. After realizing this, her expression softened. "Sorry," she mumbled, "I'm just... so scared."

Rosekit let out a sigh, two kits and a she-cat going out and looking for another -possibility dead- kit? It seemed like an impossible task.

No, it wasn't. They were going to find their sister, even if it takes moons.

Fact of the Day: Sorrelfire hasn't been very confident in herself since Ambertuft's death. She sees it as her fault, which is why none of her kits is named after her dead sister.

four

[image]

gorgeous picture drawn by
-VenomSoul-

four : but, where is she?

Sandkit woke up, and the first thing she saw was a large blurry figure.

"Mother?" The small kit mewed drowsily, blinking so her vision was more clear. The blurred figure became more clear, and it *wasn't* Sorrelfire.

Instead, a pretty silver tabby cat was staring at her. Her eyes had a dark tone to them, like she was planning something horrible. Her mouth twisted into a grin, revealing pointed teeth.

Sandkit yelped in surprise and scrambled up, only to find that her tail was being held down by the strange cat's paw.

"Hello there, sunshine," the she-cat spoke, her voice having some kind of accent, "Long way from home, huh?"

"I-I uhm." Sandkit stuttered out, her paws frozen in fear and her mind running circles. The tabby laughed, watching Sandkit in amusement.

"I wonder how far your mother would go to get you back," the she-cat said, her eyes bright, "Maybe she won't come at all."

"Mother will come and get me!" Sandkit growls, sudden rage flowing through her, "Just wait and see!"

"Oh, sweetheart," the tabby laughs again, "It depends on your mother's answer."

Sandkit frowned, confusion filling her faces, ears twitching, "What

do you mean?"

"As if I'd tell you, hon." the cat laughs again, "It would be idiotic to spill my master plan."

"At least tell me your name!" Sandkit pressed, wanting to know at least one thing about this cat.

"And it's still really idiotic to tell you my real name, honey," the tabby purred, "But, for now, call me Pixie."

Fact of the Day: Smokekit is the smart one, Rosekit is the brave one and Sandkit is the leader.

five

five : found her

Jackelstar always had a soft spot for kits. When Sorrelfire and Yewface approached her about their missing kit, Jackelstar almost immediately let Sorrelfire off all duties so they could search.

"We'll be fine," the tortoiseshell reassured her mate, "It's better if the kits come, either way they'll try and find her."

"Just," Yewface mewed, looking at her lovingly, "Be safe, alright?" Sorrelfire nodded and the two parted ways.

"Mother!" Rosekit squeaked, "Are we going to go with you?" Smokekit stayed in his nest, but his ears were pricked, listening for an answer.

"Yes, but stay with me the whole time." Sorrelfire said, still feeling uneasy about bringing her kits, "Come on now, we don't have all day."

-

"W-where are we going?" Sandkit said nervously, as Pixie dragged her by the tail. It wasn't really painful, honestly, at this point she was used to it.

"You'll see, sweetheart." Pixie mewed, her mind racing as she placed together her master plan.

-

I follow Mother's sweet scent, Rosekit guiding me in some ways. Tasting the air, I could only find her, Mother, and the small amount of prey surrounding us.

"Are we just going to go around the territory?" I ask, tripping over a stick or something.

"That would be the smart thing to do," Mother replies. "Hopefully Sandkit was taken by someone because they wanted information." She added that part quietly, but I could still hear it.

A strong, salty scent hits my nose. Along with a strange woodsy scent. I make a sharp turn toward the scents, which was toward the left.

"Sandkit!" Rosekit squeaks, as quiet as she can. Mother and Rosekit seem to be following me as their scent approaches from behind.

I am stopped by Mother as a small gasp escapes her mouth.

-

There was a silver she-cat holding Sandkit by her tail.

Fact of the Day: Jackelstar's only weakness is if you hurt her family.

six

six : choice

"S-Sandkit!" Sorrelfire yelps in surprise, wanting to run toward her kit.

Sandkit stood still, her tail held down by that mysterious she-cat. Her eyes were wide with fear.

Rosekit wanted to save her sister, her small younger sister that she had to protect.

Smokekit too, even though he had no idea what was happening, he felt an urge to help Sandkit.

"Who are you?" Sorrelfire growled, staring the new cat dead in the eye, "What do you have my kit?"

The strange she-cat laughed, her brown eyes glinting. "How else am I supposed to get information?" She said, "Ransom is the easiest way."

Sorrelfire frowned in confusion, after all, the term 'ransom' is not used in clans. She shook her head, growling, "Give me back my daughter."

"But," the she-cat said in a sing-songy voice, "Why should I?"

"You kidnapped her!" Sorrelfire snapped, "What can I do to make you give her back?"

The she-cat smirked, "I just need information on how to destroy your leader."

and now, you have the power to shape the way this story goes

> tell the cat what she wants <
or

> try to kill her <

seven

you chose
'try to kill her'

"Why should I tell you that?" Sorrelfire hissed, claws digging into the earth, a malicious glint in her eyes.

"You want your kit back, don't you?" the she-cat said, grinning, "This is the only way."

"There are," Sorrelfire glanced at Smokekit and Rosekit for a moment, "*Other* ways."

"M-Mother!" Rosekit stuttered, eyers wide with fear, "D-don't!" Smokekit was silent, his ears twitching.

A blur of tortoiseshell fur flew past the kits. The sliver she-cat smirked, throwing Sandkit to the side, her body hitting a tree *hard*.

Sorrelfire's eyes were filled with rage, not noticing that Sandkit wasn't getting up. Within seconds, the sliver cat was pinned down.

"Any last words?" Sorrelfire purred, bitterness dripping from each word.

"You're such an idiot." The cat laughed.

Sorrelfire sliced into the cat's throat, a clean cut to end her life. The rouge coughed, blood coming out of her mouth and staining her fur, the ground and Sorrelfire's paws.

Then she went limp.

Rosekit gulped, did she have to do that if she continued living in ThornClan? Was this why Sandkit ran away?

Smokekit ran over to Sandkit's body, nearly crashing into a tree. The stench of death was in the air, but that should of been from the

rouge's death, right?

"Is she alive?" Sorrelfire yelps, running over to inspect her daughter.

The kit wasn't breathing, her eyes closed. Her body lay there in the soft grass, limp.

"N-no!" Sorrelfire cried, tears starting to form, "No! No! No!"

Smokekit stepped back, eyes wide. Rosekit ran over, saw her dead sister, and collapsed onto the ground.

"She was so young!" Sorrelfire sobbed, "So innocent!"

But you can't bring a dead cat back to life.

Final A/N

Hahahaha, I'm evil.

Honestly, I would of killed Sandkit either way lol

Anyways, this is the final book in the *Amber* series.

BUT WAIT!

I'm allowing readers to do these things (if they'd like), to continue this series!

1. Do self insert with the first book. **DO NOT INTERFERE WITH THE MAIN STORYLINE**

2. Write what happened after *Silence*

3. Or you could just make something that happened *moons* later, with your own characters ^^

The only rules are

STICK TO THE ORIGINAL CLAN TRADITIONS AND DO NOT INTERFERE WITH THE MAIN STORYLINE

OH! Tag me in the book too!
I'll have a reading list of all the, I guess, *fanfics*.

I'm gonna go work on *Home* and the rewritten version of *Forced*.

Have fun!